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the greatest variety of tints — flowers, leaves, and grasses in their native colors, and many varieties of flowers spring from a single stalk. Some have red flowers or blue upon one side, while the other side is given up to white or yellow. The Arabs, too, exhaust their greens, and blues, and purples, and reds, and black upon the walls and ceilings, and make their apartments perfect kaleidoscopes of colors, and with beautiful results withal. Certainly we must go to the Orient if we seek examples of daring brilliancy, and look for the harmonizing of violent colors. Look at a Chinese silk or a Japanese lacquer, and there are found the most charming and graceful combinations of colors that are often antagonistic by nature. With us, however, colors have been tempered, subdued, and abused. We have striven to keep glowing tints out of our scheme of decoration, and yet we cannot fail to applaud the Arab or the Japanese. We reproduce classic architecture and sneer at classic coloring. Furniture is loaded with ornaments of the periods that freely used colored decorations of the most glowing kind, and placed in rooms that are sepulchral in their lack of glow, or insipid and flavorless in their faded and washed-out tints of coloring. We have been suffering from an attack of colorphobia, a sort of rabies that threw us into

convulsions at the idea of reproducing a jacqueminot, or a golden-rod, or a carnation in our wall or other decorations, and until the apostle of the new creed came among us we would not, even for an moment, have harbored the gaudy old sunflower. Like all other popular weaknesses, this illusion must have an end, and there are indications that a new era is rapidly approaching. When "peacock blues," and "garnets," and "crushed strawberry," and "heliotrope," and perhaps the gorgeous "mandarin," come more freely into use, as they surely will do very soon, people will undoubtedly look back at the coloring of the past decade as a kind of hideous nightmare.

The deterioration which Japanese art has undergone in recent years, and which is said to be directly due to the great demand in Europe and the United States for cheap decorative objects, affords a striking illustration of the effect of such a demand upon artistic production which may well be studied in all countries. The Japanese Government, pursuing an enlightened policy, has appointed a commission of experts consisting of two natives and one American, to proceed to Europe with a view of studying Western art with special reference to the present needs of the arts of Japan.

UN BILLET DE LA SAINT-VALENTIN.

*Bon jour, mon amie, j'espère bien
That you are in jolly good health;
Permettez-moi d'embrasser la main
And wish you a world of wealth.*

*C'est comme-il-faut, vous savez, chérie,
On this day in every year,
D'écrire une lettre à la ma'm'selle qui
You hold in your heart most dear:*

*Mais, je vous assure, "j'y-perds mon Latin"
To know what the deuce to say:—
Il a fait bien beau hier matin,
But it's fearfully cold to-day.*

*Excusez-moi, je vous prie, ma'm'selle
(That I'm scared there's not a doubt);
Mais je vous adore à folie, ma belle—
There! now the murder is out.*

W. E. P. FRENCH.